

REAL "WEARY WILLIE" TELLS ABOUT THE LIFE OF A HOBO

He is Willing to Work and Only as Last Resort Does He Beg.

This is a story of the hobo written by a hobo. It is the story of life on the road and life in the city as the hobo lives it, written by a man who has been living that life for seven years. It was written by Joseph Cohen for the New York World.

At first I lived it because I had to—because I could not find the work for which I sought. Now I am living it because I have become accustomed to the free life and like it. I expect to continue my wanderings over the country. Yet I am prepared to say, as the result of my experience, that most hoboes would be glad to leave the road and settle down to a comfortable home. Also that there has been a lot of work printed about the men who are variously referred to as "hoboes," "tramps," "gay cats," "stiffs" and "weary Willies." This I am going to set straight.

The hobo life is one which, above all else, spells hardship—hardship on the road and hardship in the city. By "the road" I mean every railroad in the country and every town and village in the United States. It is here that we go every spring when we leave the city—some in the hope that we will be able to accumulate a "stake" which will carry us over the coming winter, and others just because we like to wander.

Those who got that stake last summer are living pretty comfortably now in lodging houses along the Bowery. Those who did not are living where and as they can, lucky if they can get a small job one or two days a week that will gain them the few pennies that their living costs.

New York for the Winter.

It was along about last October or November that most of us began to strike for New York. The nights were getting cold then—too cold for comfort in a barn or under the ledge of a haystack.

The first thing that ninety per cent of the hoboes did after alighting from a freight train was to visit the Johnson lodging house in Jersey City or the municipal lodging house in Manhattan and there fumigate his clothing and clean up.

This was helpful in two ways. If he was going to go out and look for work his chances of getting it were improved by cleanliness and neatness. If he was going to seek for certain kinds of charity his chances were bettered in the same way.

Having washed up, let us see what happened.

There were many who went out the next day seeking for employment and promising themselves that if they could get a job they would forsake the life on "the road" and settle down. Few who made this resolution kept it, however, for the reason that they did not get work—at least not steady work.

Ways and Means.

Having failed in this, the hobo remains at the municipal lodging house for a week, or if he is lucky, two weeks. When he has exhausted the hospitality of that place he becomes a man with but a single object in life—that is, to make a little piece of change each day which will buy him the permission of flopping in a Bowery lodging house.

If he can't do that he goes to some mission and listens to the service until he falls asleep. After the services are over, at 10 o'clock, if he didn't get "saved" or so win himself a bed, he goes down either to a mission on the Bowery near Second street, or the All Night mission at No. 8 Bowery. He may remain in either all night.

During cold winter nights, with snow an inch thick on the ground, I have seen men under the Brooklyn bridge trying to sleep beside a fire. Some would sleep; others would watch for the cop. When they got too cold they would go to the postoffice building and hang around the corridors for a while to get warm. Others run the risk of trying to sleep in hallways, knowing that if they are caught they will have to face charges of vagrancy or "unlawful entry."

Various Havens.

If a man is half way clean he can go to the Grand Central station and sit until 4 o'clock in the morning, when everybody is ousted. But one cannot go there frequently, for as soon as he is recognized for what he is, he will be arrested. Another stunt for a man who has a nickel in his pocket is to get aboard a ferry boat and dodge about so as to remain there all night.

When one passes the Twenty-second street side of the Flatiron building he can often see from fifteen to twenty unfortunates trying to get a little nap while the policeman is looking over the rest of his beat. The same thing may be seen on Thirty-fourth street, after 2 a. m., and on Fourth avenue, opposite Eleventh street. At each of these places there are gratings that permit a little warm air to come up from underneath the sidewalk.

There are one or two places on the Bowery, where, if one can scrape up a jitney, he can get a glass of beer and a free lunch and stay all night in the bargain. Also there are "Busy Jacks" and "Beefsteak Johns," where a dime will buy a meal, after which one may sit until 5 a. m. Then it is a case of going out and searching for breakfast until 7, when the "Squirrel" room opens.

No doubt those who have visited Cooper Union library on a cold morning have been surprised at the large number of readers found there. It's a good place to sleep comfortably, only some member of the party must keep awake to warn the others in case the librarian or a policeman appears. Then every one must be reading. If you are caught sleeping you are warned not to come to the reading room again. Down on the lower end of Greenwich street there is an employment agency where from one hundred to three hundred Russians, Poles and Hungarians sleep on the floor every night.

The Easy Problem.

Having finished his somewhat unsatisfactory sleep, the hobo in the city is pretty likely to steal the groceries, bread or milk on which he makes his breakfast. If he is too

scrupulous for this, or if he can't get away with it, you may find him in line in front of Frank White's bakery on Catherine street at 5 a. m. I have seen men so starved that they have gone to the end of the line four times.

At noon you will see a lot more unfortunates lined up on West Fifth street for a tumbler of soup. Those who, because they were looking for work in the day time, were unable to partake of the free food offered during that period, may be found at night in Fleischmann's bread line. This is at midnight, and they get half a loaf of bread and a cup of coffee. Then, if not satisfied, they hurry away to the Bowery mission bread line at 2 a. m.

Chicago and "Friseo." It should be said that the Hebrew members of the clan hobo have a comparatively easy time of it either on the road or in the city. In either place they are seldom refused a meal by one of their own race. Even the wife of the Hebrew farmer who will sometimes turn away an Irish tramp will have some sort of a "hand out" for the man of her own race who begs at her back door.

In Chicago they have some very fine lodging houses and feeding accommodations for the down and out, but in order to benefit by them a man must look half way respectable; otherwise he cannot get in. San Francisco up to the time of the exposition, was known as the hoboes' heaven. In Buffalo, if you can't give a good account of yourself they will charge you with vagrancy and give you from sixty to ninety days at hard labor. The mayor and commissioner of charities of that city have even gone so far as to warn citizens to call a policeman instead of feeding those who apply to them for aid.

Many from New York.

Most of the real hoboes I have met come from the state of New York. They are made up of two classes—those who love to wander for the sake of adventure, and a far larger class comprising those who have taken to the road in search of work and who, having finished one job, have been forced to become tramps in order to reach another working point.

I have come in contact with men and women of all grades and classes on the road. There were poets, lawyers, artists, doctors and representatives of nearly every profession or trade. Some failed because they were misfits to their chosen work. Others frankly admitted that it was either drink or some misfortune which had driven them to the gutter.

Take my own case for instance. Eight years ago I was a student in a German theological seminary in Dubuque. I ran out of funds and had to leave school. I looked for work and failed to find it. I wanted to be a social investigator, and started for New York in the hope of getting work of that sort. I had a touch of the free life, and it appealed to me, and now I am a hobo for choice.

A Matter of Drifting.

Once on the road, it is usually a matter of drifting, mostly in the wrong direction. I am going to be honest and admit that there are not more than two out of every ten hoboes who have not a tendency toward theft. At the same time I hold that these men are the product of conditions and that they should not be held responsible.

The life of a hobo is one constant risk. My first genuine hobo experience was on a West Shore express which left Weehawken early one evening. I jumped just behind the engine, and after the train started, crawled over on the tender. But I was afraid the fireman would see me and had to crawl back.

Suddenly the lid of the tank was lifted for the train to take water on the fly. I was drenched to the skin. I thought after that I was safe for a time. But no; an hour later the same thing happened again, and, fireman or no fireman, I decided to make for the engine. By the time we had reached Albany at 4 o'clock the next morning I was so cold and wet I could scarcely walk.

I was wondering how I was going to get something to eat when another tramp jumped off the same train. He knew the ropes and escorted me to a cheap hotel, where after scrubbing floors for an hour and doing a lot of other work we were treated to a twenty cent meal. Right then and there the other hobo, whose name was Lasterbrook, and I decided to become "buddies" (partners).

Two Hours to Leave Town.

We left that night on the Western Express for Buffalo and jumped off at Rochester, having been up to that time about forty-eight hours without sleep. Just at this point we had the good fortune to run into a railroad detective who arrested us for trespassing. He made a charge of vagrancy against us, and we were sent to a cell, where we got a square meal and some sleep. Then we were given two hours to get out of town. This was the first time I had been arrested. It shows that an arrest is not always dread by a hobo, as by some other citizens. After that I got to a point where I did not mind how fast the arrests came.

We reached Buffalo again, traveling at night. You ask why hoboes ride at night instead of in the daytime. Because passenger trains are so closely watched that one cannot ride them in the day time, and if you ride on freight cars between New York and Ohio you are likely to be charged with breaking the seals of the cars, regardless of whether the cars are sealed or not. This is a serious matter, as conviction may mean imprisonment at hard labor.

Loses His "Buddy."

In Buffalo I lost my "buddy." He was nabbed and had to go thirty days on the rock pile. But that didn't trouble me. I got out of town on the first freight and soon made friends with another "hobo." And so on west, sometimes riding the tender, sometimes on the road under passenger or freight cars, sometimes between two baggage cars and sometimes on top of coaches or freight cars.

It is a dangerous existence. In March, 1913, while making my way from Bloomington to Springfield, Ill., there was no other place to ride than the top of the car. When I reached

the top I found that another tramp had preceded me there. Both of us lay flat on our stomachs, the wind blowing in our faces and nothing but a slender rod to hold to. The train had hardly pulled from the station before my friend lost his grip and fell and was instantly killed.

East of the Mississippi river, it is comparatively easy to travel for if you slip a brakeman a bottle of whiskey or a nickel or two he will let you ride to a division point, but west of the Mississippi the hobo has tough going. On some roads in the East I have been permitted to ride in a box car with my feet hanging out, smoking a cigar and talking to friends by the road.

Brakemen's Noses Keen.

In the West if you get into a box car the door must be shut. One cannot even smoke, for the brakemen's noses are so keen that one whiff of cigar smoke is sufficient for detection. Then in the West if you are caught they will probably take away any money you have and throw you off the train in no gentle fashion.

While a group of us were making our way from St. Joseph to Kansas City last July the freight conductor and brakeman came along and asked what we were riding on. Some of us had a few cents, I myself having exactly one nickel. At the point of a gun they searched our pockets and took this money away from us. The total was sixty cents.

"We all accepted our fate with the exception of two Russians, who followed the conductor and demanded their coins back. He threatened to beat their heads off the train, almost killed him. The result was that the whole crowd got thirty days on the rock pile, with the exception of the Russians, who went to the state prison for three years.

"At one place in Illinois there is a big negro whose duty it is to watch and search trains, both passenger and freight. When he gets a hobo he takes him to a shack and searches him. If he gets any money he lets the hobo go. If he doesn't he beats him up and makes a charge of trespassing, which always results in a thirty day sentence to the county farm.

South for the Winter.

As the weather grows colder the hoboes work to the South, but there is one county in southern Arizona that, until recently, they made the greatest effort to avoid. This county had a deputy sheriff whose favorite game was to ride through the country on passenger or freight trains looking for hoboes. When he found one he simply threw him off—it did not matter how fast the train was going. The latest report I heard from some of the boys was that he had been shot through the heart and that his last words were: "I have nine to my record, but the tenth got me."

Down in that section of the country hoboes have to carry bottles of drinking water when they travel, for at some of the division points the only way to get water is to pay for it. And a hobo, even if he has a road stake when he starts, stands a good chance of losing it at any time. At every desert division point a restaurant is run either by the railroad or a catering company, and these places sometimes give a hobo a chance to work for a meal. Of course when there are not jobs enough to go around, the one lucky enough to get the work tries to steal enough to provide for his fellow "bobs."

Southern "Sunshine."

In the southern states, especially Mississippi, Georgia, Florida and Texas, they have their county farms and road camps, and constables and deputy sheriffs receive from \$1 to \$2.50 a head for rounding up hoboes who go South to bask in the famous southern sunshine. Instead of lashing them are put to work in one of these places with fifteen pound balls and chains to their feet. In Florida, when you are sentenced for vagrancy, the turnip-like man pays your fine and has possession of you until the amount of the fine is worked out.

As for the hobo's eating, he gets his food where he can. It may be a back door hand out, it may be a meal in the county jail, but it is more likely to be a meal received as scant pay for an hour or two of hard labor. In bargains between farmers and hotel keepers, one side, and hoboes on the other, the man of the road gets the worst of it ninety per cent of the time.

Sign Language Bunk.

You have probably heard a lot about the mysterious sign language that tramps are supposed to have, by which they indicate by a mark on the front gate whether or not the pickpockets in any particular house are good or not. This sign stuff is the worst bunk that ever happened. There is no such thing in the hobo life and never was. Any one who says there is lies.

As a rule the 'bo is as cleanly in his habits as his surroundings will permit. Of course there are some who make no effort to wash up and be clean, but on the other hand there are many who take extraordinary care of themselves. I have seen them, for instance, making a big fire in a deserted spot along some railroad and stripping and washing in zero weather. Public baths are regularly patronized by the wanderers.

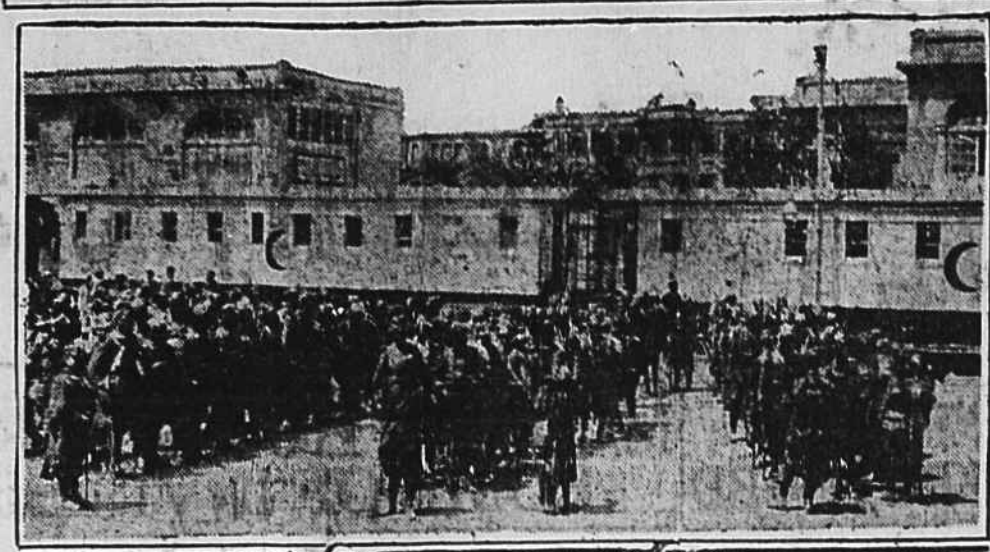
It looking for the pleasant side of this free but not easy existence we find it in the "jungle" which is established whenever a few hoboes find themselves together. Generally, the jungle is near the railroad track with running water if possible.

Christmas in Jungle.

Having found a place for settlement, the hoboes will gather—beg, borrow or steal—pots and pans for housekeeping and a supply of food. Duties are divided. Some go in search of food, others attend to the wood chopping, dishwashing and potato peeling; still others are set to work washing and patching clothing. One standard duty is for some one to cut sharp pieces of wood to be used instead of forks and spoons.

I was in southern California one Christmas when the hoboes gathered about half a mile outside San Bernardino, on the Southern Pacific. They decided to enjoy the Christmas in the jungle instead of bothering the

SENEGALESE TROOPS IN READINESS TO REPEL GERMAN INVASION



Anticipating that Germany's next great drive will be into Egypt, with the capture of the Suez canal as the objective point of the Kaiser's forces, Great Britain is concentrating men, ammunition, food and supplies to block such a possibility. Photo shows Senegalese troops before the railroad station at San Stefano, Alexandria, Egypt. In the background is a Red Crescent train which has just brought in wounded Indians from Flanders.

WEST VIRGINIA TAKES PART IN CAPITAL NEWS

Events of Washington, D. C., Are Reported by Telegram's Correspondent There.

(SPECIAL TO THE TELEGRAM)

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WASHINGTON, Feb. 12.—Judge George W. Atkinson, of the court of claims, who has passed the age of seventy, announced this week his retirement from the bench, which will take place some time during the coming month. Judge Atkinson will probably return to West Virginia and make his home at Charleston. The judge has an interesting record. He served in the Fifty-first Congress from the First West Virginia district. In 1897 he was elected governor of the state, serving four years. Then he became United States attorney for the Southern district of West Virginia. He held this position until he was appointed judge of the court of claims, April 15, 1905. Judge Atkinson is first and foremost a representative of the old line Republicans, but he is also a Mason high in the standing of that order, having occupied the position of grand master of that lodge in West Virginia. He is also the author of a number of books, including works on history, the tariff, psychology and internal revenue. There are several men of prominence who are putting forth immediate claims to the honor of being Judge Atkinson's successor on the bench. The honor will not necessarily go to West Virginia, in fact, several names of prominence have already been mentioned from other states. However, rumor has it that Senator Chilton will recommend and back with his influence a prominent West Virginian for the judgeship, namely Clyde B. Johnston, of Charleston.

The 30,000 workers in the government departments in Washington who come from all the states in the Union, are much concerned this week over the question of their voting at the referendum election here which has been called for the Sheppard bill, which provides a stringent prohibition for the district. Fearing disfranchisement at home if they participate in the proposed prohibition referendum, and disfranchisement in the district if they do not, the workers in the federal departments are much concerned.

So they collected enough wood to last through two days. People were so generous at that season of the year that we received more than we could use. One donation was a bag of doughnuts with holly in the center. "Let's have a Christmas tree," said one of the jungle bulls.

And a Christmas tree we had, with doughnuts hung on it in place of candles, and enough candles under it—presents from storekeepers—so that we had some for every child who came to see inside of the jungle. On Sunday afternoon the townspeople came out in droves, and we gave an entertainment, with songs, dances and story-telling. It was surprising how much talent was found in that group. Ever since that day hoboes on the Pacific coast have tried to be in San Bernardino on Christmas.

One Glorious Fourth.

On Fourth of July in South Bend the hoboes were told that they might have the use of the ball park. There were hundreds of hoboes in town at the time waiting for work in the harvest field, and they grabbed at the opportunity. A vaudeville program was arranged. Again we had plenty of talent; and at the close a baseball game between a team from the hoboes and one from a town, the loser to make a pot of mulligan. The hoboes won, and the next day we had a feast, the equal of which I have not tasted since. And the whole town was there to see us eat.

The genuine hobo will work if he gets the chance. He leaves New York in the spring with the hope of getting employment which will enable him to accumulate for the following winter—what he calls his "winter stake." This may not be a large sum, but to a man whose whole life has been spent in teaching pennies to do the work that most people expect of dollars, a little goes a long way.

Most hoboes would rather work for the few things that they need than to beg for them. Last summer there were 35,000 men in the wheat belt looking for employment, and a very large proportion of them were men who had been on the road at one time or another. It is only as a last resort that the hobo begs or steals. And it is not fair to condemn the floating element as a whole. The hobo must be carefully distinguished from the yeggman, who makes his living by stealing and who has done much to get the man of the road the unwelcome reputation that he has.

eral bureaus will hold meetings during the next few days to decide on their voting status. Legal opinions have been obtained from law offices of the government to the effect that if the employees vote at the referendum election they will lose not only their voting privilege at home but their civil service status. The meetings which have been arranged for this week by the clerks are not for the purpose of giving an expression either for or against prohibition, but merely designed to guarantee that the 30,000 civil clerks in Washington, shall not be denied the privilege of having a part in any plan of getting an opinion of Washingtonians on the question, without impairing their voting rights at home.

Colin H. Livingstone, a former West Virginian, and president of the Boy Scout organization in Washington, delivered the address of welcome to the national executive council of the Boy Scouts of America, which is in session this week at the Willard. The scouts were received by the president, who, after shaking hands with the prominent leaders from all over the country, made the presentation of the Eagle Scout medal to Raymond Seags, of Troop 50, of Washington, which is the highest honor that can be conferred on a scout, excepting special medals for valor or special service.

Reports at the meeting this week indicated that 1915 was the most prosperous for the Boy Scouts in the history of the movement. As significant of the appeal which scout ideals and scout principles have made throughout the country to thinking men, it was brought out that of 7,067 scout masters, 1,645 are clergymen, 200 physicians, 147 lawyers, 149 government employees, 734 teachers, 355 professional engineers, 235 students and 175 Young Men Christian Association workers. One hundred and eighty thousand men and boys are now officially registered as members at the national headquarters in New York.

Opponents of administration plans for national defense legislation were heard this week before the House military committee, and while not unanimous in their opinion as to what should be done or left undone with regard to the army and navy, they all opposed any change in the military policy of the nation. Many national organizations were represented at the hearing. Representatives of the Society of Friends and a score of others, speaking under the auspices of the Woman's Peace Party, discussed war, its causes and consequences from many angles; the views expressed ranged from suggestions that Congress should await the conclusion of the European war to profit by the lessons it might teach, to declarations against a policy of military preparedness at any time or for any purpose.

J. O. Peyton, of Huntington, W. Va., who was arrested in Washington Tuesday on a warrant sworn out by Horace I. Harlow, of Alexandria, charging him with unlawfully taking away Horace Harlow, the thirteen-year-old son of the complainant, was acquitted yesterday in the Alexandria court. It developed from the testimony that Peyton has married Harlow's divorced wife, and that the lad in controversy is now, of his own choice, with his mother in Huntington.

At least one party will soon have its presidential candidate in the field. It was announced here this week by prominent Socialists who were among those granted a hearing on anti-preparedness before the committee on military affairs, that early in March the results of the referendum would be known. The party will hold no national convention but resort to the referendum method of nomination, and shape its platform by that vote. It leaked out here that there has been a split in the ranks of the Socialists, just as there has been in the Democratic and Republican parties on the preparedness issue.

Charles Edward Russell, who has borne aloft the Socialist banner for so long in so many fights, is not going to be a candidate this year because, having seen with his own eyes what was going on in Europe, he came back home and told his fellow partisans and the country that it was time to prepare or it would stand to be belittled. This is not in accordance with the Socialist doctrine so Mr. Russell has been eliminated from the race.

The Socialists, or that element of the party which talks unpreparedness before everything else, and is opposed to national defense, insist that the

part this year. They say that opposition of the Bryan Democrats to Wilson's program and opposition of numerous pacific Republicans to preparedness will give them 2,000,000 votes and a number of seats in Congress.

Congressman Neely this week introduced a bill in the House which asks for an appropriation of \$100,000 for a federal building at New Martinsville. Five thousand five hundred dollars has already been appropriated by Congress for a site for the building. The bill was referred to the committee on public buildings and grounds.

Representative Hollingsworth, of Ohio, submitted this week among numerous other petitions that of thirty-five citizens of East Liverpool, O., and Chester, W. Va., protesting against the proposed emergency tax on tooth paste. The petition was referred to the committee on ways and means.

One of the pleas that has been urged against women at their preparedness for franchise is their lack of detail, their inability to follow the routine that politicians of the sterner sex say is necessary before women can become eligible as voters. This charge has been refuted in an admirable manner, in one case at least, through the presentation to the congressional library in Washington, of a scrap book, compiled by Ida Husted Harper, which covers the activities of the suffrage cause as she has known it, for twenty-five years. Not every person has the patience to keep a set of scrap-books up to date for that length of time. But when the insertions are reports of speeches, conferences and travels in behalf of a great popular reform, then the book-maker's records are invaluable; and a public depository for their safekeeping and for the maximum of use by an inquisitive public is needed.

Through this recent gift the library of Congress is made custodian of a collection of literature about women's suffrage which, of its kind, is not equalled. It is the story of the activities of a champion of its cause who has kept her record of personal effort and seen while touring the world.

Mrs. Wesley Marlin Stoner will entertain at her home on Rhode island avenue on Thursday night with a musicale, which will be given for the benefit of the suffrage fund in West Virginia. Mrs. Stoner has given the use of her palatial home, with its admirable music room, for the good of the cause. Those who will participate in the program, which is under the direction of Mildred H. Smith, are Mrs. J. Raymond Diekey, violinist, the wife of a prominent attorney from West Virginia; Miss Katherine Goodman, reader; Miss Sylvia Metcalf, Miss Emma M. C. Bender, Gertrude Williams, soprano; and Mrs. Cheney, a daughter of Mrs. Alex. MacVey Miller, of Alderson, W. Va.

Mrs. Stoner, who but recently returned from a campaign through the southern part of West Virginia, where she organized eleven counties, is planning to return to the state on March 1, at which time she expects to cover the remainder of the mining district, and will, if it is deemed necessary, remain in that section of the country until after the fall election.

"I think," said Mrs. Stoner, in a recent interview, "that West Virginia is the critical point on which all energies of women who are working for the vote should center in the coming campaign. My experience of West Virginians men is that they are open to conviction. They do their own thinking, but I have found them unprejudiced, and when it has been once proved to them that our cause has justice on its side, I found them ready and willing to help."

that has been brought to the notice of Washingtonians in the last few months concerning war-orphanage estates that are many—is that of December 30 when the district court four small children adopted less than a month ago, who have this week come into a large fortune through their adoption. The four children who range in age from seven months to six years have been swept into their inheritance by a turn of fate. Their father is a German reservist, who is now in a prison "somewhere in France." The children were adopted one of the largest stockholders of the legalized adoption of the children and made them her adopted sons. Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Schneider, Mr. Schneider died a week ago, and yesterday his wife assumed, leaving the adopted war-orphanage with an estate that will make them comfortable for the rest of their lives.

Mr. Schneider was president and of extensive real estate both in Rosslyn Packing Company and a large share-holder in the Potomac Savings Bank in Georgetown. Mrs. Schneider, his wife, was the holder of extensive real estate, both in Georgetown and Washington. Among the papers presented in the adoption proceedings were one from the children's mother and one from the father written in German from the western seat of war under date of August 4, 1915.

PERFECT ACCORD

Is Reached between Premier Briand and the Italian Cabinet Ministers.

(BY ASSOCIATED PRESS)

ROME, Feb. 12, via Paris Feb. 12.—A perfect accord has been reached between Premier Briand of France, and the Italian cabinet ministers with whom he has been in conference on all questions discussed, according to statements circulating today in both Italian and French political circles. The visit of Premier Briand and his colleagues has given a fresh impetus to war enthusiasm in Italy.

MODERN BISMARCK

Present Imperial Chancellor of Germany is Shown to Be by the Lusitania Case.

(BY ASSOCIATED PRESS)

BERLIN, Feb. 12, via London, Feb. 12.—The Lusitania case has evoked an instance which shows that the present imperial chancellor is as vigorous in defense of his prerogatives as was Bismarck. The publication of a resolution of the budget committee of the Diet this morning asking the president of the Diet to inform the chancellor that the committee considered limitation of the submarine campaign in the interest of relations with America as harmful to the country's interests brought forth the sharp rejoinder from Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg that the committee was interfering with affairs which did not concern it.

POLITICAL EXILE

Is Given Permission by the Russian Government to Live in Irkutsk.

(BY ASSOCIATED PRESS)

NEW YORK, Feb. 12.—The Russian government through representations made by members of the Duma, has given Mrs. Catherine Breshkovsky, the famous Russian political exile, permission to live in the city of Irkutsk, according to information received today by Mrs. Alice Stone Blackwell, a friend of the exiled woman. Political exiles of her grade are not usually allowed to stay in the capital city of a Siberian province but the rule was relaxed in her case.

OUSTER DECREES

Are Upheld by the State Supreme Court of Tennessee in Mayors' Cases.

(BY ASSOCIATED PRESS)

NASHVILLE, Feb. 12.—The Tennessee supreme court today upheld ouster decrees by which Mayor Hilary E. Howe, of Nashville, and Mayor E. H. Crump, of Memphis, recently were suspended from office but decided that the decree in Crump's case did not apply to the term beginning January 1, for which he was re-elected. The charge against Howe included waste of city money and loose management and grew out of a bitter political fight, which developed a city scandal and resulted in other city officials also losing office. Those against Crump revolved about alleged non-enforcement of prohibition laws.

RIVAL FOX TROT.

(By Associated Press.)

CHICAGO, Feb. 12.—Conditions of immorality among clerks in State street stores which rival those exposed by the recent "fox trot club" investigation were revealed today by an announcement from Robert E. Hogan, an assistant states attorney in charge of the juvenile court work. Many of the girls victims, said Mr. Hogan, are less than 16 years old.

RELIGIOUS

And Patriotic Duty National Preparedness is According to Archbishop.

(BY ASSOCIATED PRESS)

ST. PAUL, Feb. 12.—Peace at any price advocates were criticized and national preparedness was termed a religious as well as a patriotic duty by Archbishop John Ireland at the Cathedral here today in an eloquent funeral oration over the body of Colonel Josiah R. King, who by Minnesota historians is to be the first man to answer the call of President Lincoln for 75,000 volunteers in 1861 to put down the rebellion.

DANCES TO PROTEST.

LONDON, Feb. 13, 2:17 a. m.—A Copenhagen despatch says that a German aeroplane passed near Copenhagen Saturday afternoon. The Danish government has instructed its minister at Berlin to protest to the German government.

THREE NEGROES DROWNED.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Feb. 12.—Three negroes were drowned today in the flood waters near Watson, Doshie county, while taking supplies to a marooned family. So far as known there have been twenty-two deaths in Arkansas due to the present floods.

MRS. HARDING TO TALK.

Mrs. Charles Harding will deliver an address Monday night at the Hammond chapel at Indianapolis under the auspices of